

SOUND AND FURY

VOLUME FIVE * SPRING TWO THOUSAND FOURTEEN



SOUND and FURY

A Literary Journal for
Avila University



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

<https://archive.org/details/soundfury05stud>

THE 2014 LITERARY AWARDS

The Nancy Cervetti Essay Award Winner -- Emmanuel Ekochu

The Burton Playwriting Award Winner -- Alden Stockam

The Stanley E. Banks Poetry Award Winner -- Diana Hendricks

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief Shenita Hughley

Vice Editor Molly Fox

Staff Hannah Baum
 Violetta Hamilton
 Diana Hendricks
 Jessica Hopkins
 Eliza Knopps
 Emily Koch
 Elizabeth Olinger

Advisor/Creative Director Stanley E. Banks
 Assistant Professor/Artist-in-Residence

Layout Designer Tracy Alber Mattis

From the Editor

Hello Everyone,

Here we are once again, giving you some amazing literature. We'd like to thank all those who submitted works to *Sound and Fury*. We were quite impressed by this year's submissions, and we hope that you all continue to share your stories, poetry, essays, and plays with us by submitting your literature to Sound and Fury each year. Without you all, there would be no *Sound and Fury* magazine, and we thank you for helping us make this possible.

I would like to give thanks to our wonderful Staff and our Advisor of *Sound and Fury*, Professor Stanley E. Banks for all his help in creating this year's magazine. I couldn't have done it without you all! We would also like to thank Dr. Amy Milakovic, Dr. Abigail Lambke, and Dr. Charlene Gould.

I hope you all will enjoy what you are about to read. The authors put pieces of themselves into every line, and they have allowed us to take a step into their creative minds. Thank you to Avila University for this opportunity. Keep Literature Alive!

Shenita Hughley
Sound and Fury Editor-in-Chief

Table of Contents

Awards
Editorial Staff
From the Editor

Poetry	1
Winter	3
Autumn Tanka	4
Se sueña	5
Tie My Heart	6
He'll Come Home	7
heart beat	8
Strangers	9
Confidence	10
Reminder	11
Wound	12
The Snow Moon	14
The Forgetful	16
Green Peace Initiative Phase II: Increase Distance	17
Teenage Sorrows	19
My Sanctuary	20
Chargin, be the Dais Hussy!	21
RAIN	22
Journey	23

The Little Fox on the Shore of the Sea.....	25
Miss America.....	27
The Prayer That My Heart Sings.....	30
Late One Night.....	32
A Broken Story.....	34
Hole.....	35
Surviving Love.....	36
Non-Fiction	37
New Media and Arab Spring.....	38
Modern Heroines: Assertive and Well-Rounded Counter Models to the Classic Fairytale Heroine.....	43
Childhood Memories of War.....	50
Fiction	53
Independence Day.....	54
What My Father (Never) Taught Me About Love.....	56
Play	63
The Butcher's Son.....	65
The Life of a Dead Man.....	78
Index	93



POETRY

Winter
(lanterne)

cold
cloud mass
prized moments
of snatched sun
rays

moon
shaking
between bare
branches of an
oak

wild
geese in
a V shape
on their journey
south

long
long night
stirred from a
dream about my
home

snow
flurries
descend on
my dreams almost
reached

Autumn Tanka

Driving alone
in the Ozark Mountains
of Arkansas...
Dolly Parton's twangy voice
deepens my autumn yearnings.

Crickets wake me up
from a dream about my home
across the ocean.
My arthritic hand searches
google maps for the dirt road.

Author Information

John J. Han is Professor of English and Creative Writing at Missouri Baptist University in St. Louis, where he also chairs the Humanities Division. An award-winning poet and memoirist, he has published three haiku volumes. A native of South Korea, he earned his M.A. and his Ph.D. from Kansas State University and the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, respectively.

Teresa M. Lorenz
Faculty Author

Se sueña

Lo sueño, lo veo, lo hablo, lo vivo.
Se me mueve por las venas
hasta que sienta que se me escapa por la boca.
Lo digo y no se entiende; me consuela el fluido
de la taza, siempre pegado al pulgar y al dedo índice.

Una cuenca sin fondo, un lugar sin fondo
donde se posibilita lo irreal.
Entre montaña y camp, sequía y lluvia
lo veo, lo hablo, lo vivo y sonrío.
La vida ya no es sueño.

Dreaming

I dream it; I see it, I speak it, I live it.
It moves through my veins
until I feel it escape through my mouth.
I say it and it is not understood; what consoles me is the
liquid in the cup, forever glued to my thumb and index finger.

A bottomless basin, a bottomless place
where the unreal is possible.
Amidst mountain and field, drought and rain
I see it, I speak it, I live it and I smile.
Life is no more a dream.

Tie My Heart

Tie my heart with ribbons
and play them with musical lines,
crescendo past fortissimo
and ritardando with every lie,

pluck me like a string instrument
who has forgotten her melody,
find my meadow of golden lilies
where hummingbirds make harmony,

take me far from staves and note-heads
and lead me to the grainy shore
where on overtones my soul will feed
to seed my every core.

Tie my heart with ribbons, please,
but I make one last plea—
play me like a classic,
and not some forgotten piece.

He'll Come Home

Bitter in love, bitter in hate,
ice-cold kisses and fear to delegate.
The fireplace holds flames but no warmth;
the mantel is empty and forlorn.

She stares at the white on her feet,
with the patio door open releasing heat
and the wind blowing her brown hair,
whipping that damn stack of papers everywhere.

He was coming home this year, they said.
He was coming home this winter, they said.
He wasn't coming home, they said now instead.

Her feet's numbness matched her mind's,
and she didn't care what they couldn't find.
She fell on the blank white quilt,
welcoming the chill like the finest silk.

He'll come home, she whispered.
He'll come home, she whimpered.

heart beat

when a heart beats then breaks
is it because
it pumps one ounce too much blood,
it flutters one stroke too hard,
and then tears itself apart?

or is it because
it diminishes oxygen, causes gasps and pains,
kills faith, bites tender wounds,
and gives nothing to fill its place
but electric shocks that shred
the red-rimmed lies, lines, and eyes?

Strangers

His deadly icy heart will pretend not to see
like a politician whose pockets glow with green.
It will not melt at the woman's grin or grieving cry.
It will not put arms around her or stay the night.
The fists might flick off the light in her mind,
but they will not cause her to lose her sight.

It is nine months later and she frowns tensely
at a strange mouth with olive green eyes
through a tinted glass window to say a first hello
and a last goodbye with tight-lipped sighs.

It is not her fault she cannot witness the view
of a baby conceived as innocence was screwed.

Confidence

They say you aren't beautiful,
girls with short, cropped hair.
They say you can't be loved,
without long, flowing hair.

This isn't the case.
My beauty and my confidence
aren't dependent on your views.
I am not going to change for you.
Or anyone.
Not anymore.

Reminder

For the dead poets
 and those yet not dead
My heart belongs to thee
 patrons of ecstatic beauty
To those who play with words
 And create something beyond physical existence
Those who capture the essence of existence
 and create a better world

Wound

How I envy those
flat bellied women

whose middles have never
suffered a scalpel.

Those women—
who have been kissed by Nature

as they cross the bridge to Motherhood
in the purest of ways,

slipping children out
with the intended ease.

Those women-
who don't wear their violence

on the outside,
no scar to demarcate their passage.

Yet in those moments
shrouded in ordinary,

my wound remains.
A gravel edged stamp

on a timeworn passport,
signaling the second

Childhood deported me.

The Snow Moon

Legions of storefronts
blast their ghastly lights,

obliterating any evidence
of the placid fields

and benevolent homes
that first claimed this land.

"They had to move a whole neighborhood
to build that."

My husband's grandmother narrates
a story so bitter

another ninety-two years could never
hold enough time

to correct this malignancy.
"Three people had heart attacks."

she says, reminding us that
the price of change

can kill the Settled
when everything marked "current" feels insecure.

"You think you're set for life,
and then someone tells you to move"

she mutters, as an American flag
trembles in the distance,

and the snow moon becomes absorbed
in synthetic light.

The Forgetful

I am trying to remember how to breathe.
I know it has something to do with the raising of my chest,
I just can't quite figure out how to pull all of this air
Into the sacks beneath my breasts.
I am trying to remember how to smile.
I know it has something to do with the raising of my cheeks,
But all my lips are capable of is twitching
And all of this crying is making me look weak.

Green Peace Initiative Phase II: Increase Distance

I remember you tasting like rain
Which is strange
'Cause I was never the sort of person
To drink condensation.
But I just wanted to keep drinking you.
I almost remember the day that it stopped
When you started tasting like pollution
Which is the very same reason
That you would never catch me outdoors
Lapping up storms.
I remember thinking,
"Has he ever tasted so arrogant before?"
I remember wondering
What I tasted like to you:
Maybe I tasted like apples
And on that day I went bitter,
Or maybe I tasted like milk
And suddenly I spoiled,
Or maybe I tasted like juice
And from then on I was fermented--
I almost remember the stench of intoxication
Accompanying your drunken stumbles towards me
Begging for seconds.

I'm not sure when, but you became smog
You started smothering me

To the point that I was worrying
That it would spread to my family,
That you were rotting me away
Spoiling me for the rest of the world.
Then, whenever I said anything,
You'd laugh,
"You have such an active imagination--"
True--just drop the 'imagine'
'Cause I was a nation--
You were polluting my streets
And terrorizing my citizens.
The soldiers in my soul
Started preparing for war.
The environmentalists mapped out
A green peace initiative
Starting with leaving you.
But it wasn't until
I awoke on the floor
With blunt razor gouges
Lining my forearms
Before I clenched the initiative
Armed my snipers
And fled.

Teenage Sorrows

Every night, they come for me,
the worries of tomorrow.
I lie in bed and feel
every woe and sorrow.

The challenges of love,
the trials of school,
and dealing with those demons
that call me a fool.

The problems with parents,
the difficulties with my brother,
makes me sometimes wonder
why I even bother.

But then I remember,
as I lie there in bed,
the smiles I bring to others
and how I never want that to end.

So I shut out those negative thoughts
and give those demons a shove,
and fall asleep to the warm feeling
that I am most definitely loved.

My Sanctuary

I sit, suspended in the air.
I push off and the wind pulls my hair.
I've come with my worries
but as I fly, they turn to flurries.

Whispers flow through my ear.
Screams so loud I cannot hear.
The first dries my tears.
The second chases away my fears.

When I find that I am calm
and no longer digging the chain into my palm,
I drag my feet on the ground
and press a button to cut the sound.

As I rejoin reality,
I look back at my sanctuary.
And there it waits, this little thing
that brings me relief. My swing.

Chargrin, be the Dais Hussy!

I stand upon the dais,
A pedestal of upright intentions, paving
a highway to the sweltering lake, set-ablaze.
I bare flesh to be branded, and awaits, a dossier,
which is brandished, but to no aim.

You said:
"Welcome to the first day of class,"
With an earnest smile and open arms,
Unbeknownst, I admit, I never noticed my demise.

Marinating in papers and knowledge,
I believed myself brilliant, and awaited my entrance to college.
Your encouragement rang loud, but your intentions seemed murky,
I did not realize I was a cooked turkey!

Chagrin, I am.
Your promises of a beauteous future fall on deaf ears.
Everything:
Money, time, dreams, hopes, beliefs, are spent!

Your Proletarian system appears saintly and divine,
but is cloaked in the malevolent,
The Forbidden Fruit, I have feasted upon.
and you, the coiled Snake has duped me!

I am the Dais Hussy,
Who stands upon the pedestal of explicit examples,
I am ashamed to be the product of education,
Without a future.

RAIN

I can feel the mist

As it touches my face

So soft as a newborns kiss.

There's something familiar

About this place.

I look to the sky

And I take it all in

As the soft pitter patter

Rolls down my cheeks.

Journey

I am a ship that's set to sail.
No one can deny,
On this journey I am alone,
I am determined not to fail.

As I toss and turn I do not worry,
For I know I'll make shore.
This trip I cannot hurry,
My life is but a lore.

My surface is meant for battle.
The winds, how they cry,
I shake, I shiver, I rattle,
This wet rage, will I die?

Inspired by the waters , I sway,
Learning as I go,
Never knowing the day,
This day, friend or foe?

I see my Utopia before me,
This blue ride, just the start,
This bizarre, lovely scene,
This territory I must chart.

Fire from within,
I move at my own pace.
Content with every kin,
Giant ocean, my own space.

What's that I see?
I am not alone on this ride.
Is that an ally for me?
Bringing in a friendly tide.

We are never really alone.
As I see the sails wave,
Nodding with acceptance,
As we both share the same nave.

The Little Fox on the Shore of the Sea (For Ukraine)

When I dream
I dream of the Black Sea
And the brilliant white yellow sun
Bearing down
On hard scrabble sand.
A taste of salt in the air.
A great glory,
The little fox,
Waits for me on the shore.

A lithe creature,
Beckons this clumsy bull
To a private place
In a cool and shady cove.
Deeper into the deepest of our hearts
We mew and coo.
Where secrets and dreams are shared.

The world is outside us
As we circle and drift
in this place of our own making.
My little fox
My great glory
I bare my soul. I bare myself.
When I dream
I dream of the Black Sea

And the white yellow sun
Bearing down on the hard scrabble sand.
A taste of salt in the air.

On the shore
The little fox waits for me.

Miss America

Look, Miss America,
You're probably thinking I don't know much about make-up.
I do know one thing.
From the hills of the Hamptons to the high-rises of Harlem,
We have to change the way the face of this nation is made up.

It starts by embracing the racist foundation our forefathers gave us,
Taking the variation of shades that make us,
And use them to smooth the bruises of Sandy Hook and Fruitvale Station
Before these waves of rage erase us
Or the rich man's pursuit of happiness break us.

It's already happening.
Po' faces are waiting on instant gratification for their next pay up.
Bottom line, Miss America,
If you want to stay up,
You'd better wake up.
Nap time's over.
You've been sleep on your dream since you killed Kennedy
And Johnson took over.
And ever since I've been trying to get over
This sense that you're trying to get over
On WE the people.

Look, Miss America,
See me?

I'm peaceful.
But frankly, as hard as these days be,
I'm going crazy.
I mean a real short trip from lethal.
And I'm not driving Miss Daisy.
I'm in the fast lane driving bat shit crazy.
On my way...
To Revolution.
Yes, I checked every exit for a better resolution.
Even stopped by the government, but they were shut down.
Couldn't come to a conclusion.
And with Equal Rights so damn lost,
I was left to rely on my own Constitution.

Look, Miss America!
Oh say can you see by the dawn's early light
That the present, just ain't that bright.
Can't you see it's mostly because your leaders aren't wrapped too tight.
Can't you see if you keep suffocating your diversity,
You will seize the very thing that keeps you alive.
Can't you see?
Your freedoms are barely in sight.
Let's face it.
Tupac was right.
"Lady Liberty Needs Glasses"
Because no one has seen their inalienable rights.

Look, Miss America.
You're probably thinking I don't know much about YOUR make up.

I do know one thing.

From the hills of the Hamptons to the high-rises of Harlem

By any means,

We have got to change the way the face of this nation is made up.

The Prayer That My Heart Sings

I have a passion for music.
It's burning inside of me.
If you can't see it gaze into these eyes so deeply
The windows of my soul is a reflection of my heart.
Don't have to say a prayer he just listens to my heartbeat.
He knows my aspirations and who I desire to be.
Yes I believe in man I cannot see who is a mystery.
Let the music be religion.
Through it I can preach.
This is my prayer.

I have no plan A or B.
You can say my plan is G.O.D.
And this is
The prayer
That my heart sings.

Jazz
Pop
Rock N Roll,
Play it all but the music is way too low.
Let me hear those prevailing sounds
Of a band who howls its song.
With every pluck of string.
Clouds of emotions shall shower the listening,
But who I am
That's so deserving of witnessing

a nation of liquid melodies.
Every artist spins and threads a sound
Keeping the art of music profound.

I have no plan A or B.
You can say my plan is G.O.D.
And this is
The prayer
That my heart sings.

My dear child of expression
Raise your hands reaching for the galaxy.
Why reach for the sky when you can reach for the heavens?
To any man or woman who has ever doubted you,
To any man or woman who has ever rejected you,
To any man or woman who is too blind see your magnificent dream
Stand up tall with your fist high in the air and repeat after to me:

I have no plan A or B.
You can say my plan is G.O.D.
And this is
The prayer
That my heart sings.

Late One Night

Late one night
Long after the clock struck twelve,
There's a chill in the air
That runs deep into my bones,
Layer after layer won't keep me warm.

Surrounded by the familiar darkness,
The bitter cold is all I've come to know.
Shovel in hand,
Headed to a familiar site,
The graveyard is empty,
The loneliness welcomes me once again

I reach the dark hole and look down.
Nothingness.
By now I've dug too deep,
Can't turn back
Can't look up.
Forever trapped in this abyss
Stuck here with my memories
Buried deep under the ground
The pain has soaked into the soil

I keep digging,
Deeper and deeper I dig
'til I can't feel the cold anymore
And the darkness has faded
And the numbness sets in.

Hours pass,
Days, weeks,
Months, even years.
In this dark hole
That has become my home.
Buried deep
Buried alive.

I search for escape
But my efforts are in vain.
No one can hear me,
No one can pull me out.
Left here with my thoughts,
The thoughts that haunt me.
Memories of you and me
Keep me in this hole
Buried deep.

Meanwhile you are out in the sun,
Shining bright with bliss and glee,
Left me to rot here in this hole
For all eternity.

It's just another empty night
Filled with despair and regret.
Once again I sit alone,
My screams and cries go unheard.

Grab the shovel
Grip it tight.
Keep on digging
Late one night.

A Broken Story

A broken story
With broken pieces.
A few lapses of glory
But soon the love ceases.

A thick vine
With pointed thorn.
Yours plus mine—
Two hearts equally torn

Clumped together as though one heart
College comes and we're finally apart.
It just near killed me to forgive
But I knew I had to,
In order to live.

Walking this road together
Into the future unknown.
Side by side now,
Rather than alone.

Now is the time to start healing,
Peel off the blisters.
Nineteen years is what it took
For us to finally understand
What it means to be sisters.

Hole

Whether
Walls of Dirt
Or
Walls of Glass
Thou
Shalt do No
Good
Sitting on Thy
Ass.

Surviving Love

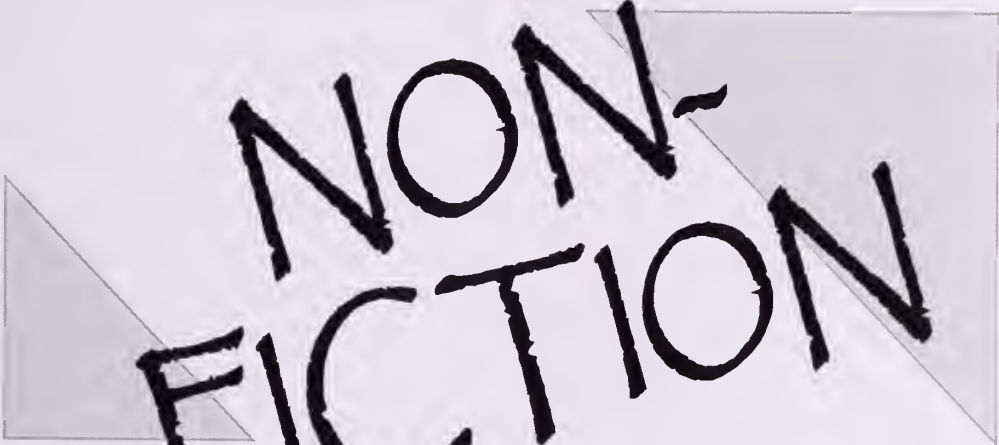
The geese fly south for the winter
And this is in order to survive
But how do they know where they are going?
It's instinct, that's their only guide.

Humans have more than this instinct
For God gave us the power to think
And the love that I have for you now
Is engraved in my thoughts all the time.

Right now our life is a struggle
And my fears are of losing you,
But I feel that with time and effort
I can show you what love can really do.

For it's not in only the good times
That proves the strength of one's love
But it's also during these tough days
When love can help us get through.

So for now I'm requesting your patience
To give this a little more time.
You'll see in the end it's worth it
Our life together can be truly divine.



NON-
FICTION

New Media and Arab Spring

When people in 2013 talk about the media, the concept is different than the media for older generation. Today, people have seen both sides of the media which is the old and new media and understand the differences between them. When we talk about old media, we are talking about print media, such as books, newspaper, and magazine, which is the foundation of the media industry. In the early days, not many people were able to can read or have access to news. Only rich and educated people were able to have it. New media is totally different. People, whether they can read or not are able to learn about what is going on. It is not a paper world anymore; today, information is based on technology like the Internet, apps, videos, and pictures. Today, there are lots of well-known sites such as Facebook, MySpace, Twitter, YouTube, Wikipedia, and many others, where people can interact informally with each other. Since the late 1960s the new media later known as social media has been growing and developing in the world. Social media allows people to interact freely, sharing and discussing information about each other and their lives, using a multimedia mix of personal words, videos and audio. This kind of media contains huge amount of information that individuals may access. Also, new media leads us to citizen journalism, where anyone can share his avidness about something or his opinion, and no one can stop people from doing that. Furthermore, this type of media helps some Arab societies obtain the freedom of express the public opinion. As we know that the official mainstream broadcast for many Arab regions is owned by governments, so media is under control in Arab regions. In those Arab Societies, anyone can see the lack of the free speech especially when it comes to government issue, or politics. That is due to the control of the media by government, so the government only lets their people listen and see what they want. That restriction of politics in those regions led Arab's citizens to give more attention to this subject than others. Most of those countries are led by a monarch or a dictatorial president, who has been president for 20 years at least. New media was the weapon for

these societies to bring those rulers down because the government cannot control social media. In 2011, some Arab countries started revolutions against their king or president in what was known as the Arab Spring. Tunisia, Egypt, Yemen, Libya, and Bahrain were the main countries that the new media affected. "We use Facebook to schedule the protest, Twitter to coordinate, and YouTube to tell the world", was one tweet by an Egyptian revolutionary tweeted (Khondker, 677). This tweet shows how social media is being used as major tool or weapon in that revolution. Social media motivated Arab people to start the revaluation in Arab regions, so new media is the genesis of the Arab Spring.

The first element, used by people during the Arab spring is Facebook. The original idea of Facebook in Arab regions was to make new friends, and communicate to friends who are not often seen. However, this idea has changed since 2011, when the Arab spring took place. Arabs have more than 28 million accounts on Facebook today; it was not long until they realized the power of Facebook, and how they could reach all the people in their region and around the word by utilizing it. What the Egyptian revolutionary mentioned about using Facebook to gather people and organize their schedules was actually exactly what happened. In Facebook anyone can create a group page that anyone can join by clicking the like button on the page. When he or she hits like button, they are going to be updated with every single thing written or uploaded on this page. According to Rosen's article, Tunisia's media was controlled by Bin Ali's government (the president of Tunisia on that time). At that time, in 1998, the Internet was not so popular with Tunisians, so not many people had it. Nine years late, when Internet and social media became well known in Tunisia, almost 30,000 Tunisians were on Facebook and more than 800,000 accounts on Facebook were created by Tunisian people. During that time, Bin Ali's government was afraid of the high number of people who joined Facebook, so they tried to restrict it. However, they could not, and by the end of 2010, two million Tunisian accounts were made on Facebook, which is almost a fifth of the Tunisian nation (Rosen,2011). The same thing happened in

Egypt in the beginning of 2011; the number of Facebook users in Egypt was 4.7 million and quickly increased to 6.65 million by the first of April. This magnificent number in three months shows the power that Arabs discovered to deliver their ideas and their political situation to the world. The massive rise in numbers is largely a result of the January 25th revolution, where Facebook served as something of a revolution operations room. It used by revolutionaries to exchange information, opinions and advice. Khalid Said is a young Egyptian hack, who was beaten to death by police men in public because he was using Facebook to motivate Egyptian people to gather in the streets and start the revolution. That was the end of his life, but the start of the revolution. Young adult Egyptians created a page on Facebook, and they named it "We Are All Khalid Said", (Khondker, 677). This page is the responsible for the locations, instructor of the movement, and what people should say and act, today this page has almost 340,000 members.

Twitter is the second element being used by Arabs in the Arab spring. Twitter is a social network that anyone can register for an account and start tweeting about his or her personal life, human interest, celebrity news, and people thoughts or opinions, but whatever people want to write about is limited of 140 characters. According to Tett (2013) report, she mentioned that she understood why the co-founder of Twitter used a flock of birds to describe his website after she saw the Arab revolutionary on TV. Looking back to the Egyptian revolutionary tweet especially, the second part of it is that the protests use Twitter to coordinate. If someone wants to write a tweet, and he or she goes to the tweet column, they will see a question by Twitter says "What's happening." That is exactly what the Arab protest did; they were using Twitter to tell the truth and what is going on in the field. There are so many Arab users on Twitter today who say their opinions, and use their right of speech. In Arab regions, most of the tweets are related to political matters or government issues that cannot be spoken about in public. A study done in 2012 shows what Egyptian people tweeted about in 2011, and that study came up with statistic that 65% of Egyptian tweets were about politics

and negative tweet about Mubarak's government (Lindsay,2013). Twitter is more individual than other websites, so people don't need to be in group or to join page to say their opinion or to be viewed by others. Anyone can tweet his thoughts while he is sitting in his home or anywhere, and it is going to appear to the whole world as long as he or she adds enough hashtags on his tweet. Hashtags are simply a way for people to search for phrases or tweets that have a common topic and to begin a conversation. There so many hashtags that are being used by protests on Twitter. Here some examples for hashtags are #jan25, which was the first day of the Egyptian revolution, and people start gathering on the street, #17feb which is the day protesters archived their goal and controlled all the entire country of Libya, and #14feb when one of the Islamic branches (shah) in Behring tried to make a revolution there, although it did not work out. Hashtages of #JustinBieber is one of the difficult hashtage to beat because it is one of the 10 hashtags that been used by all people around the world. However, in 2011, the hashtag of #Egypt was the most popular and used hastage on Twitter, it beat every other hashtag (Aday,Farrel,Freelon,Sides,Lynch,4). From that, we can figure the powerful effect that has been made by Twitter during the Arab Spring.

YouTube is the third element that being used by people of Arab Spring. As we know YouTube is a website where anyone can share a videos or clips with whole world and get comments on them by viewers. Even if you do not have an account in YouTube, you still can watch the videos, but you cannot write a comment. The last part of the Egyptian tweet was that they used YouTube to tell the world. The protests in Arab Spring use YouTube as weapon of avidness against their government, when they tread the protests badly and killed them. Since the TV channels and newspaper on those regions are influenced by governments, citizen journalism played an important part with YouTube. In Egypt, Libya, Tunisia, and Bahrain all revolutionary in those countries were recording every single event happen to them by video or picture and shared them to let the world see what is really going on.

In conclusion, social media is made to entertain us and make our life easier in peaceful way. That is why it is called social media, because these website are brought to gather friends and people in one place. However, we never thought it might to be used against the establishment, or might be a starting key to war or uprising. In Arab regions people used social media to let their voice being heard and Arab Spring was the result. Arab people used social media as a weapon; it is a new way of revolution, especially, on Arab regions. Four different leaders of the system intended to isolated people and control information was removed by the power of social media.

Works Cited

Aday, Sean, Freelon, Deen, Sides, John, Lunch, Marc. (2012). New media and Conflict after the Arab Spring. Washington, DC. Gorge Washington University and American University.

Couts, Andrew. (2011) Meia's Revolutionary Role in Arab Spring. Digital Trends.

Lindsey, Richard A. (2013). What the Arab Spring Tells us about the future of social Media in revolutionary Movements. Small Wars Journal.

Rosen, Rebecca J. (2011). Was Facebook Responsible for the Arab Spring After All?

Tett, Gillian. (2013). Tweet Apart. Financial Times News.

Modern Heroines: Assertive and Well-Rounded Counter Models to the Classic Fairytale Heroine

After World War II, political and cultural ideas regarding socialization began shifting; classic fairy tales, often used for educational purposes, started to be viewed as sexist, as well as racist and authoritative, which resulted in new, modern fairy tales. These new tales attempt to be more liberating than their predecessors. Feminist fairy tales strive for the liberation of women from their patriarchal societies by subverting the expected fairy tale norms through the creation of the new, feminist, fairy tale heroine.

Classically, fairy tale heroines are championed for their beauty, self-sacrifice, and obedience. Likewise, women in reality receive pressure to be beautiful, meeting strict and sometimes contradicting beauty standards; self-sacrificial, unobtrusive and nonintrusive; and obedient, content with whatever lot they receive in life. Feminists scorn the classic fairy tale norms when creating their new heroines because fairy tales, and their socialization of gender, become patterns for reality. The new heroines of fairy tales are strong and rebellious. They use wit to actively overcome oppression and they do not strive for marriage as an ultimate goal.

The passivity of some classic fairy tale heroines, such as Snow White and Sleeping Beauty, was amplified by their unconscious state and their key asset, the feature that saved them, was their physical appearance. The modern heroine, however, is clever, independent, and stands up for herself. Many female characters in feminist fairy tales serve to subvert the classical concepts of femininity, and fantastical femininity.

When classical fairy tales--such as Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm's "Snow White" and Giovan Straparola's "The Pig Prince"--are compared with their modern revisions--such as Francesca Lia Block's "Snow" and Angela Carter's "The Donkey

Prince"--the new feminist fairy tale heroine and her characteristics become clear. The modern fairy tale heroine is more well rounded and is freed from traditional gender roles.

In the Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm's version of "Snow White," the princess's character is defined first and foremost by her beauty. Her name comes from her appearance: "a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of the window frame." Her beauty then wins her both the hatred of her step-mother, attaching the main conflict in the tale to the heroine's appearance, and the compassion of the huntsmen, identifying her beauty as her salvation. In the Grimm version, Snow White's other major asset is her ability to uphold the traditional feminine role. The seven dwarves allow her to stay with them only because she agrees to serve as housekeeper, cook, and seamstress to the dwarves.

In contrast, Francesca Lia Block's version of Snow White, "Snow", asserts a well-roundedness of the heroine. In this version, Snow's name is still based in her complexion, and her beauty is still asserted. However, in this version of Snow White, the character wore "a white dress she had made herself, almost as white as her skin... and heavy black hobnailed boots like the ones the brothers wore. Her face was flushed and her eyes burned with firelight." Her physicality embraced both traditional femininity and the strength associated with traditional masculinity. Block's Snow is also taken in to the home of seven deformed brothers--Block's equivalent of the dwarves--when she is an infant and cared for by them for no other reason than their love of her. They raise her outside of the traditional gender normative: "she learned to hammer and build, cook, sew, and garden. She could do anything. They had given her something else, too--the belief in herself." This heroine is rounded--curious, loving, and capable. This version of Snow White is a stark contrast to the character of Snow White in the Grimm's version, who is a stock character, emulating the traditional feminine role completely.

In both versions, the heroine is poisoned by the consumption of an apple and spends a span of time in complete passivity. In the Grimm version, a prince

purchases Snow White's corpse and, in travel, the apple is dislodged. Once again, her beauty acts as her salvation. The prince then asserts that she will be his wife, and she complies. In Block's version, a man is also intent on saving Snow--saving her from her comatose state and saving her from the seven deformed men. He kisses her to wake her--to save her--and then she is apathetic to his intents and desires. Instead of allowing herself to be whisked away, she chooses to remain with her seven fathers. While both versions of Snow White depict a princess who succumbs to entire passivity (unconsciousness), Block's modern heroine is armed with the will and character to make her own decisions, whereas the Grimms' classic heroine remains passive as she enters into a marriage with a man she does not know.

One classical fairy tale is that of the beast prince or the beast groom. This fairy tales are comprised of a noble couple that raise a beast son that only receives his natural, human form when he wins the love of the traditional, compassionate, fairy tale heroine. One version of this tale is Giovan Francesco Straparola's "The Pig Prince." In this tale, a stinky, rude, and ill-behaved pig prince demands his parents find him a wife. He receives three wives. The first two are unresponsive to his affections and determine to kill him to avoid the marriage, only to be killed by their husband instead. The third accepts him in his beastly form and is rewarded when the pig reveals that he is, in actuality, a handsome prince. The third wife, Meldina, represents the classic fairy tale heroine. She is accepting of her husband, regardless of his unpleasant and crude behavior and demeanor. She is obedient, and keeps his true form secret as he commands.

Another version of the beast prince tale is Angela Carter's "The Donkey Prince." In Carter's retelling, the prince is kind, educated, and polite; he can be loved regardless of his appearance, instead of a woman needing to overlook his appearance, demeanor, and behavior. He does not demand a wife, so no woman is forced into his company. On a quest to save his mother, Bruno (the donkey prince) requests assistance from a girl who works plaiting straw. She willingly consents to

his company, and though he consistently offers her the option of leaving him in the interest of her safety, she chooses to stay with him. Once again, the modern heroine is armed with the freedom of choice. She is not passive and compliant, but instead able to assert her own wishes and desires. Daisy, Carter's modern heroine, uses wit and bravery to help Bruno on his quest. As Daisy herself points out, "A working girl learns a trick or two [and learns] to use her common sense." These "tricks," as Daisy puts it, make her an asset: she plait a pathway to allow passage over a bog, she tricks a Wild Man into giving them the magical apple that will save the Queen, and she creates a firebreak to protect her friends from the Wild Man's fire.. Throughout the story, this modern heroine is clever and brave. While Straparola's heroine frees her husband's human form through passive compassion, Daisy frees Bruno's human form through wit, bravery, and affection. In the end, her marriage to the prince is based in friendship and affection, and not in the command of a beast.

The characters' goals differ largely between classic fairy tale heroines and modern fairy tale heroines. Whereas classic fairy tales emphasize marriage as the ultimate achievement for women, feminist fairy tales feature heroines who seek out safety, freedom, and acceptance. It is important to look at the characters' goals to understand the values that the author hopes to infuse into readers. In the Grimm's version of Snow White, the ultimate achievement is met when the prince and princess are wed. At the wedding, Snow White is able to extract retribution from her evil stepmother, who is forced to dance in "red-hot iron shoes" until she dies. By way of gender, this tale upholds traditional gender norms and asserts the woman's role as wife and caretaker and asserts that women who disrupt the traditional feminine role through the possession of power are evil and unnatural, deserving of death. In Straparola's "Pig Prince," the ultimate goal once again marriage, asserting the wifely duty of entire acceptance of spouse and claiming that women who oppose this model are, once again, evil and deserving of death. In the traditional fairy tale, the message is often that "either women are malevolent outcasts or they are good but passive married women and that marriage happily ever after is enough of a reward

for the girl.”

The modern fairy tales, however, place the essential achievement elsewhere. In Block’s “Snow,” the essential achievement is an understanding of self. Snow realizes that she does not want a romantic relationship and, instead, wants to continue with her life in her fathers’ home. Her self exploration, even sexual self-exploration, are not depicted as villainous or unnatural, but instead are portrayed as a necessary component of the development of womanhood. Her heroics lie in her own intrapersonal realizations and acceptance. In “The Donkey Prince,” the ultimate achievement is friendship. It is through cooperation that the friends are able to complete their journey and receive their rewards; the characteristics championed in the heroine are wit, skill, ingenuity, and bravery, without which their task could not have been completed. Carter’s “The Donkey Prince” ended with Daisy and Bruno’s marriage, but the portrayal asserted that the real prize was friendship by depicting all of the participants of the quest. Bruno, in his true human form, “held Daisy by the hand, and she was wearing a wedding dress. Hlajki in his fur trousers stood beside them as best man, and Hound had his paw on the marriage register, making his mark as witness.” Carter does this to assert the importance of all relationships—not just romantic ones.

Classic fairy tales, and society in general, often rely on a harmful good/bad binary for female characters. The “evil stepmother” and “passive virgin” are the two classic, female characters in fairy tales. In the Grimms’ “Snow White”, the princess represented the passive virgin and the Queen represented the evil stepmother; in “The Pig Prince”, Meldina represents the passive virgin and the first two wives represent the wicked women. This binary has carried through to the modern day where young girls face the “princess” and “porn star” or “virgin” and “whore” binaries. By rounding out female characters, many feminist fairy tale writers obstruct these binaries. Francesca Lia Block does this with all of her heroines; Snow is no longer passive or perfectly chaste, but her goodness remains. Snow’s interests and abilities round out to include both traditional feminine tasks (cooking,

sewing, and gardening) and nontraditional tasks (hammering and building). In "The Donkey Prince," the heroine is once again well rounded. Though she is kind and compassionate, she is not at all passive. Despite her gender and lower social class, she frequently asserts herself to Bruno; had she not, their quest would have ultimately failed.

Feminist fairy tale authors usurp the traditional fairy tale realities assert the female freedom of choice and portray femininity as powerful and complex. These authors remove traditional, passive heroines--often whom are stock characters for female archetypes--from tales, replacing them with well-rounded and complex heroines. The modern heroine is assertive and, ultimately, chooses her own fate, whereas her heroine predecessors were frequently passive and willing to accept and comply with the fates handed to them.

Works Cited

Primary Sources

Block, Francesca Lia. *The Rose and the Beast*. Joanna Cotler Books, 2000.

Carter, Angela. *The Donkey Prince*. *Don't Bet on the Prince: Contemporary Feminist Fairy Tales in North America and England*. Edited by Jack Zipes. New York: Methuen, 1986.

Grimm, Wilhelm, and Jakob Grimm. "Snow White." In *The Grimm Reader: The Classic Tales of the Brothers Grimm*. Edited by Maria Tatar. 167-178. New York: Norton, 2010.

Straparola, Giovan Francesco. "The Pig Prince." In *The Great Fairy Tale Tradition: From Strapola and Basile to the Brothers Grimm*. Edited by Jack Zipes. New York: Norton, 2001.

Secondary Sources

- Early, Frances. "Feminism, Peace, and Civil Liberties: Women's Role in the Origins of the World War I Civil Liberties Movement." *Women's Studies*. no. 2/3 (1990): 95-115.
- Gay, Roxanne. "Bad Feminist." *Virginia Quarterly Review*. 88. no. 4 (2012): 88-95.
- Harries, Elizabeth Wanning. *The Mirror Broken: Women's Autobiography and Fairy Tales*. *Fairy Tales and Feminism: New Approaches*. Edited by Donald Haase. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 2004.
- Laurie, Penny. "The Princess Craze is no Fairy Tale." *New Statesman*, May 9, 2011, 11.
- MacDonald, Ruth. "The Tale Retold: Feminist Fairy Tales." *Children's Literature Association Quarterly*. 7. no. 2 (1982): 18-20. 10.1353 (accessed March 14, 2013).
- Poniewok, James, Lina Lafaro, and Desa Philadelphia. "The Princess PARADOX." *Time*, April 5, 2004, 72-74.
- Zipes, Jack. *Fairy Tales and the Art of Subversion*. New York: Routledge, 2012.
- Zipes, Jack. Introduction. *Don't Bet on the Prince: Contemporary Feminist Fairy Tales in North America and England*. Edited by Jack Zipes. New York: Methuen, 1986.

Childhood Memories of War

The memory of peering from underneath my parent's bed at big black soldier boots has never left me. The tall dark soldier with blood-shot eyes held a submachine gun. Wrapped in the innocence of a child's mind, I tried to make sense of what was happening before my eyes.

A week earlier I was in Mrs. Kakitahi's class studying. One of the other teachers burst into our classroom in a frenzy and told our teacher they needed to get all of us home. A few minutes later the parking lot was streaming with parents running to their children's classrooms. Shocked and scared out of my mind, I could not comprehend what was happening. Museveni had entered Kampala, our capital city. Amidst all this commotion, my childhood friend and I huddled together, waiting for our parents. After what seemed like an eternity, my friend's father showed up and whisked us out of the classroom to the parking lot. He then placed my friend and me on the back seat of the scooter bike, then secured his daughter in front of him and took us home. We all lived in the same estate and each parent seemed to always look out for all the other kids.

When we got home, my mother was very relieved to see me. In spite of the chaos, all three of my siblings had made it home safely. My parents, two aunts, my siblings, and maid then proceeded to barricade ourselves in the house, anticipating the worst.

Unfortunately, our expectations came true. For at least a week, we experienced a constant shelling of artillery, sub-machine gun, and AK- 47 gunfire day and night. Due to the gun smoke, it became difficult for my elder brother to breathe, which resulted in him having an asthma attack. My mother, despite the constant gunfire, had to take him outside to at least get some semblance of fresh air.

I could not see outside because most of the time we lay low in the house for fear of being shot by the stray bullets we could hear flying over our flat and also

hitting the outer bricks and cement walls. I still recall a wounded soldier's voice crying out in the local Bantu language – Luganda, “Munyambe,” meaning help me.

When all the fighting stopped, our relief was short-lived. We could not walk around with ease because most of the walkways and lawns were covered with live ammunition left behind by fleeing soldiers. It took individuals with military backgrounds to help our parents collect all the live ammunition and take it to a safe location.

We then had to deal with soldiers who were looting our property, which was how I found myself hiding under my parent's bed with my brother. My elder brother and I crept up from underneath the bed, trying to figure out what this soldier was doing in my parents' bedroom. Like any curious child, my older brother had the audacity to ask the soldier, “Why are you taking our things?” I do not recall the soldier's response, but remember the maid who was hiding with us quickly grabbing my brother and me and telling him to shut up. The soldiers then proceeded to take whatever valuables they could carry as they rampaged through our house. I did not know the term then, but later understood looting. At that time in Uganda, looting by soldiers of the past regime was a common practice, and it was a small price to pay. Material stuff could always be replaced; your life, on the other hand, was irreplaceable.

I had heard stories of past wars from my elder relatives, but did not understand what it really meant. Now, I not only knew what it meant, I had lived through it.

With the love and support of our families and community at large, we the children were able to move on and put this experience behind us. On occasion, my friends and I will get together and start talking about our experiences during the war, not as anything special or traumatic, but merely something that happened. It is a reminder of how fortunate we are to have gone through it and come out unscathed.

Given the choice between war and diplomacy, countries should always strive for diplomacy. On several occasions I have heard politicians advocating for

war without exhausting all other options. I think this is unfortunate; the effects of war are not merely the physical destruction left behind. The emotional and psychological toll is worse and lasts longer. I empathize with those in war-torn regions around the world who have to deal with far worse conditions than my family and I endured. I think we should advocate for societies that are slow to pick up a weapon and instead more willing to debate and deliberate over issues that they do not agree on.

FICTION

Independence Day

It had been a perfect night. Framed with those celestial bodies twinkling so delicately above, the midnight air brisk enough to send the slightest of chills down the spine, and quintessential company. For she had granted him the honor of her night, a most special night, even if only by default.

"Oh, well my plans didn't work out, any chance I can come with you?" she had said to him.

Any chance? "Chance" is hardly the word he had thought. "Of course!" he had wanted to scream. To spend this two hundred and twenty-ninth anniversary with her would make it complete. To lie in the grass as sparks flew overhead and hopefully within her mind as well would be akin to absolute joy. The flavor of joy witnessed only through the lens of a Hollywood film. The sort of joy which commands a night to move through time as quickly as a supersonic jet through the air or light through space and yet crawl at a pace no faster than a drop of water erodes a stone.

And so it was, against all odds. She was waiting outside the front porch that afternoon shaded by her willow tree as he pulled up. He was late. Far later than he should ever be due to gelatinous nerves failing him time and again. Eventually the gumption bounded unerring to his spine long enough to begin the interminable journey of eight minutes to her home.

He came around the block, pulled up the driveway, and shut off the engine. Stepping from the little roadster, he strolled as casually as a cat entering a room. No human has ever tried to appear so nonchalant and failed so miserably in hindsight as in that moment. In the thirteen steps to her side, he all but capsized from anticipation. He was only the backup plan. What if at the moment those pools of sapphire blue are turned on him she changes her mind? What if she scorns the way he's dressed or decides that staying home would be better than wasting her precious seconds in his presence or does not enjoy herself?

These and many more dreads plagued his thoughts in that endless moment. She turned her gaze up from the tattered paperback between her fingers

so that she might regard him. Immediately, that captivating smile spread from between her lips, her ice blue eyes twinkling, rinsing all doubt away. He may not be the backup plan after all. She chose him.

"Shall we?" she posed playfully after standing and making her way to the car door. He leapt to open the door without the slightest delay, lest she should change her mind.

With that sort of beginning, the evening only got better. Cruising under that big, bluish-black thing staring at the ghosts of celestial balls of gas after lying in grass inches apart to watch the celebratory flares stream through the sky. He knew there had never before been so flawless a moment in his memory.

And as with any good thing, all too soon it was over. Night began to give way to morning with the steady lightening of the horizon. He walked her to her door and returned to his car, wishing evermore to halt time. To delay the brilliance of sunrise from staining clouds in hues of amber, gold, violet, and rose.

If he never again glimpsed that radiant smile or her charmingly cute nose which wiggles ever so slightly as she laughs or those icy blue eyes, he would be inconsolable. And yet, he knew he would be fine. For he had tried, risked, and chickened out all at once. He had gained a memory worth more than any fortune. And a single kiss worth a thousand lifetimes. It had been a perfect night.

What My Father (Never) Taught Me About Love

I called her when I got into town because we're friends, and that's what friends do. I was going to be in the city for four days and we agreed to meet for lunch on one of them. When I arrived, promptly at 12:30, she was already seated. She must have been there for a bit because a short man with a black apron was refilling her glass of water. She had long, brown hair that fell straight to the middle of her back. I'd felt it once or twice, when my fingers slid back along her scalp behind her ear and my thumb gently sat above her cheekbone; it was the softest hair I'd ever encountered.

She smiled up at me. Her emerald eyes met mine and held gaze until I felt uncomfortable and vulgar. "Hey Liza," I grinned. She stood. She wore a knitted shawl that sagged around her shoulders, gaping to show her immaculate collarbones. A silver cross dangled above her sternum, a tight black dress hugged her torso and let loose around the skirt. She was beautiful.

"Hey Jamie," she said as she placed her left hand at the base of my neck and wrapped her right arm around my ribcage, pulling me into an embrace.

I knew what it was as soon as I felt it. Cold metal along my spine. Still, I didn't accept its existence until I saw it.

She pulled away from me, motioned for me to sit, and reclaimed her seat. Her left hand clasped around her glass. There it was. A silver band, intricately roping itself around a pearl. Elizabeth Jones never liked diamonds.

"So, what's new?" I coughed, refusing to acknowledge the recent branding.

Who is it? I wondered as she started talking about her new job-- something to do with marketing and fashion. I couldn't really picture her with any other guy, but I tried. Maybe he was built like a bulldozer. With auburn hair and full, red beard. The sort of guy who looked like he was always about to start a bar

fight, but was, surprisingly, kind and timid. No, he was probably tall, with dark hair. The sort of guy who wore flannel shirts and had Hebrew tattooed on his forearm. She probably met him at a church picnic. No, Liza wouldn't go to a church picnic. Although, he must be some church-going man.

"How about you? What's new in your life?" She must have been talking for a while. She always gets uncomfortable when she talks about herself for a stretch of time and then she'll shift conversation, overly focusing on her partner in discourse.

I told her about the newspaper that I had started writing for. She laughed a little when I first mentioned it. Throughout our relationship, she frequently predicted the submission of paper news to faster forms of media, and I'm sure she was right because *Newsweek* just ended. I had a real romanticized My-Girl-Friday idea about printed news, though, and I had always wanted to work for the paper. "I'm really happy for you, Jamie," she grinned. I knew she was, too, because all those years she spent assuring me newspapers were basically becoming kindling, she was also rooting for me.

Our waitress made her way to our table. She was small and peppy with short blonde hair and a wide, pale smile. I was thinking about how cute she was as she introduced her self as "Mags" and asked if she could get me anything to drink. Liza was sitting in front of me, so I felt guilty about thinking of Mags as attractive, even though Elizabeth Jones was assertively no longer my girlfriend. Liza must have picked up on my attraction because she grinned widely and said, "She's cute!"

For a couple of beats after that, we both sat in silence. Her mouth sat slightly ajar and I could see her tongue stroking her teeth. This was a common act for Elizabeth Jones when she slipped into a deep consideration. Silently, she tapped her finger tips on the Formica tabletops. Her fingernails were painted a soft, light gray. Anxiously, she had peeled the paint away from a couple of nails; I wondered if our lunch date had weighed heavily on her consciousness and, if so, was the guilt felt toward me or toward her fiancé? I was trying to piece together the words to ask her about him. I couldn't bear to, though, because, even though I knew she never

could, I had always imagined Elizabeth Jones would marry *me*.

Mags dropped back by the table with my coke and the assurance that she would return shortly with our meals. As soon as she left, Liza opened up the conversation. But, of course, she had to. She knew I would never bring up my love life, let alone hers. I knew she wanted to tell me about him, she would feel guilty if she didn't, but she didn't want to bring up the issue. So she started with a question. "Are you seeing anyone these days, Jamie?"

And here's the truth: I was seeing someone. There was a girl back in New Jersey named Veronica. She was short and curvy with long dark curls. She taught kindergarten and wore high heels. We watched lots of home makeover shows together. We weren't in love, but we were in something like it.

But what I told Liza wasn't the truth. Elizabeth and I dated our junior and senior years of high school. I listened to all of her stories about her younger brother, Eric, and I got drunk with her the night the leukemia finally took him. She came with me to my father's wedding and we whispered insults about his new wife. We stayed up late at nights talking on the phone, we passed each other notes in the back of Ms. Minotone's history class, and we went to every school-sanctioned social event as a pair. I convinced her to cut class and drink smoothies a time or two, and she convinced me to read Keats's poetry aloud to her. The summer after senior year, before we went to schools on different coasts, we gave one another tear-filled goodbyes. Back then, I thought she was the love of my life.

Then, seven years later, I looked into the deep, green eyes of my first love and I lied. "Not really."

There was a slight twitch of her perfect, pale lips, and by that twitch I could tell she was overcome with guilt. She didn't speak for a moment. I watched as her fingers lightly drummed across the tabletop. She was incredibly nice. Only incredibly nice people feel guilty for getting married while their exes are still single. If I was nice, I would acknowledge the ring, or at the very least say, "What about you?" so she could respond, "Actually, I'm getting married."

But I was not nice. I was resolved to keep her to myself. Maybe, in reality, she would soon be married to a tall, blonde man with hair brushed neatly to the side and a three piece suit worn at all times, but in my mind, she could remain mine. So I ignored the ring once more and I asked about her parents. "They're doing fine," she sighed. "How about yours?"

My father was old and getting older. My mother was his second wife and after her he had three more. His mind was quickly slipping. He would fall asleep one day, thinking he was married to Brenda, and he'd wake up the next thinking he was married to my mom. At lunch he would call for Jocelyn, and at dinner he'd think he was sitting down with Sue. When I told Elizabeth about old Joe and his mental state, she looked at me sympathetically, reached out her left hand and grasped mine. Slowly and kindly, she rubbed her fingers over my knuckles.

Everything Liza ever did, she did out of kindness. But seeing her ring and feeling its metal on my hand, I felt as though she was incredibly cruel. *Who is he?* I tasted the words in my mouth, on my tongue. They wanted released, but they felt angry and loud so I kept them in.

Maybe he was short. I liked the idea that he was short. Maybe he was short and stout and wore tangerine-colored jean shorts and purple paisley shirts. I liked the idea that he was entirely inept at clothing himself, but I looked back at that ring and it was apparent the man had at least some stylistic skills.

I really wanted to think of him as absurd. It would be nice if he was unintelligent. Or if he couldn't tell a joke. It would be down right spectacular if he was somewhat socially inept. If he was balding, pock-covered, or immature, I would be relieved. But Elizabeth Jones was perfect, and the man who she would marry must be, too.

Mags came back by with our meals. In front of Liza, she sat a large bowl full of spinach, carrots, chunks of apples, feta cheese, and cranberries. In front of me, she sat a turkey burger with a side of sweet potato fries. It's appropriate that Liza ordered a salad; she's fresh and clean with immaculate collarbones. Me? I'm

ground-up meat with a greasy bun. She and I were never meant to be. Liza's future husband was probably baked salmon with a lemon butter sauce. It was at this point that I considered: *what if he wasn't?* What if he wasn't tall, if he wasn't kind, if he wasn't intelligent, if he wasn't some church-going man? Suddenly, I had to know who he was, because I had to know that he deserved her.

"Elizabeth?" I spoke slowly and quietly. "Who is he?"

She smiled at me, her pale and beautiful lips curving up her face into a grin. She leaned over the table towards me, straightened out the fingers on her right hand, and playfully slapped me with them. "You knew! And you were just watching me squirm! I thought you would ask right off the bat, but you didn't say anything! And I just sat here, feeling dumb, and wishing I could tell you, but not being able to tell you!"

Elizabeth Jones was, for the most part, level-headed. Back when we were in high school, I saw Liza win a whole host of awards. Each time, she produced a slight smile and said a humble--sometimes to the point of timidity--"Thank you." But every time I'd ever seen a rise out of Liza, it began with the curving of her lips up into a grin and continued with a flood of sentences in which you could not interfere. The rarity of the moment alone brought a brief chuckle, but keeping in mind the tone of the conversation thus far, I let the laugh escape primarily as an exhale.

"Alright, Liza, tell me about him," I laughed.

Immediately she took a bite of her salad and chewed it slowly. With her lips tightly closed, she smiled deviously and shrugged. I groaned and waited for her to swallow. "Tell me about him," I urged again, sternly.

"Oh, fine." She pulled her slender hands up to the nape of her neck, paused a moment, and then fingered her hair into a loose ponytail. She was beautiful. "He's nice."

She said these words softly, her eyes drifting off to the side, deep and distant. Her lips twitched into a larger grin, starting slowly and lopsided but quickly moving widely across her face. I had seen that grin before, a few times. Never

when she won tired popularity contests, not when she was elected class president nor when she was chosen for courtwarming queen. But we had an English teacher who recommended her for an internship, and she got accepted on merit, and she grinned that way. Perhaps this man was an award won on merit.

"What else?" I pushed.

"Oh, I don't know," she laughed. "What do you want to know? He's an architect and a vegan. We met at a coffee shop; he very directly asked if he could sit with me. I was so flabbergasted I let him. Jamie! You won't believe this, but, he took me to see Seamus Heaney speak last month."

With every detail that she gave, Elizabeth Jones became a little bit less mine and a little bit more his. She didn't talk about him for long, though, because she hates focusing on herself in conversations and my face betrayed my heartbreak. "James?" She said softly, "I really wish you were seeing someone."

I laughed a little, quietly. Here it was: another opportunity to tell her about Veronica. I still didn't, though, because if Liza knew about Roni, she would wholly cease to be mine.

"Five years ago," I told her, "My mother remarried. My dad was on, I don't even know, his fourth wife or something. She married this great guy, Chet, who was just a little bit younger than her and taught chemistry. My dad, well, I think my dad was married to Jocelyn at this time, which means he had a pretty, sweet wife who made fancy pancakes and had a really nice rack. But when he found out my mom was marrying Chet, he called me and complained about it for three straight hours. 'Cause being with someone doesn't really matter. It sucks when the people you used to love start loving someone else."

What I said was true, and I don't want to retract the statement now. But I will gladly acknowledge that perhaps it would've best had I said, "I'm really happy for you, Liza," which, although is less true, would have made her simply smile and say, "Thank you, Jamie."

The events that followed happened as such: Liza's jaw hung with slight

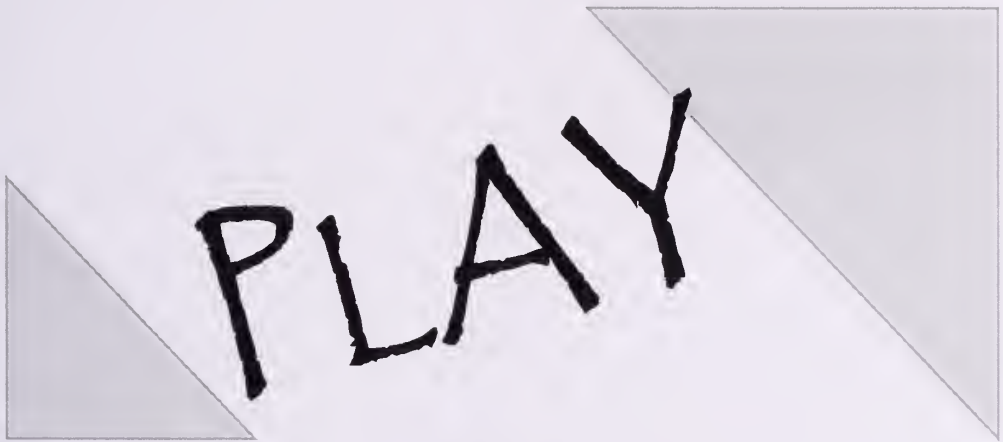
irritation, and her tongue flicked up to her teeth. She took a bite of salad, chewed slowly, and swallowed. She dipped her jaw down, pulled her hair loose from the ponytail, and spoke sternly. "No, Jamie. The fact that I love someone else shouldn't suck for you. The reason your father couldn't handle your mother's marriage to Chet is that your father is a misogynist who would've liked to have all of his wives as concubines. I am not and I was not ever *yours*. I have only ever been *mine*. You are not a kindergartener, I am not your doll, and you are not being asked to share your toys with Mark. Do you understand me?"

Elizabeth Jones, a good ninety-percent of the time, is quiet and friendly. If you are kind and polite, she is empathetic and generous. Honestly, in all the years I knew her, I had heard her speak in a low, stern rant only four times. That was the first time it was directed at me. I did not respond because I was taken aback. But my silence irritated her more. She folded her napkin, sat it on the table, placed some cash beside her salad to cover her meal and the tip, said a quick, "Goodbye, James," and left. Silently, I turned to watch her walk out. She maintained a purposeful, although not showy, stride; her skirt swayed only a little with each step. She did not rush out. She stopped to thank Mags for her service. She stooped to pick up and return a five dollar bill that an old man dropped. As the door shut, I felt a slight vibration in my pocket. Quickly I dug for my phone; Veronica was calling.

"Hey Roni," I spoke quietly.

"Oh! Jamie! I thought you would let it go to voicemail! Aren't you still at lunch with your friend? I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to disrupt you!"

"It's all right," I laughed, "I'm actually just leaving."



The Butcher's Son

I-2-11

(A few hours later, lights come up on the Soto's small dining room and kitchen, and we see RORY, a 17 year old boy, scrounging around in the fridge for something to eat. The sound of a car pulling up is heard, and RORY looks up momentarily, then resumes his search. FRANK enters, surprised to see RORY.)

FRANK

Hey bud.

RORY

Hey.

FRANK

What are you still doing up? Don't you have school tomorrow?

RORY

Yeah, I'm just trying to find something to eat.

FRANK

Eat? Son, it's 11 o'clock! You should have already eaten dinner and been in bed by now!

RORY

Dad, chill out alright? I had to finish a paper for English tomorrow.

(FRANK begins to reply, but decides to let it slide. He begins to put away his coat and suitcase.)

FRANK

How are we doing on food? I think we were almost out of lunch meat...

RORY

We are out. No bread either.

FRANK

Well, hey, how bout I fry up some eggs then? I'll heat up the griddle, maybe cook up some bacon and pancakes...

RORY

We're out of eggs too. Don't worry bout it, I'll just have some cereal.

FRANK

(Sits at the table.)

Would'ja mind getting me a bowl too? I'm starving.

(RORY nods, and begins making two bowls.)

RORY

So, late night at work, huh?

FRANK

Yeah, I had to do some inventory at the warehouse in Bennett Springs. It sucks, but ya gotta do what ya gotta do, right?

RORY

Yeah, sure.

FRANK

So... what's this paper bout?

RORY

It's just an essay where we argue or support an issue we find interesting. I've already pretty much written it, I just needed to revise it for tomorrow.

(RORY sits at the table with Frank, and hands him his bowl.)

FRANK

Huh... so what are you writing on?

RORY

Whether or not the U.S. Government was justified in using waterboarding to extract information from prisoners post 9/11.

(FRANK looks up, suddenly much more interested.)

FRANK

Oh... well, um, what do you think?

RORY

(Slightly curious to his father's inquisitiveness.)

Why are you so curious?

FRANK

It just... I dunno, it sounds kinda interesting, I guess. So, does it bug you that these people are being hurt?

RORY

Well, I think that they had a job to do. We needed answers from these people, and we had to do whatever was necessary to get those answers. I mean, I could definitely think of worse methods they could use to extract that information.

FRANK

But these are real people, not just words in an essay. Aren't you, I don't know, disgusted that a man could do that to another person?

RORY

Dad, why are you freaking out about this?

FRANK

I just want you to be a good man, that's all! These... torturers... are hardly men at all. It lowers a man's spirit to enact that kind of pain, and I don't want you to turn out being like... one of them.

RORY

... Why would I ever do that?

FRANK

I... I don't know. I think I'm just tired, it's been a long day. I'm sure your paper is going to be fine.

(Uncomfortable silence.)

Tell ya what, I will clean up the dishes down here. You go on and get ready for bed.

(Rory gets up and goes to leave.)

Hey, Rory?

RORY

(Stops and looks at FRANK.)

Yeah?

FRANK

I love you kiddo.

(FRANK turns back to his bowl,
RORY gives him a puzzled look.
RORY then exits.)

FRANK

Shit. See more of myself in that kid everyday. Wish I could say I'm proud of that. Instead it just scares the hell outta me.

I-2-15

(FRANK grabs and takes the bowls to the sink. FRANK hears a knock at the door. FRANK, surprised, crosses to the door and peeks through the peephole to see who it is. FRANK hangs his head in frustration, and opens the door to let BEN ROSSI inside.)

BEN

Is the kid up?

FRANK

He just went to bed. What the hell are you doing here Ben?

BEN

Relax, relax Frank! I just heard you got first crack at the new guy, and I wanted to hear what you thought of him!

FRANK

Are you shitting me? You come into my house, and you want to discuss business? I thought I told you that I didn't want you in my house or near my son anymore!

BEN

Yeah, yeah, you said that. And believe me, It's not like I want to be around your comfy little family, but how else am I supposed to talk business with you? You don't answer my texts or calls, and I never see you in the bar anymore.

FRANK

I'm busy, alright? Unlike you, I have someone else I'm responsible for.

BEN

Yeah? Well I don't want to be responsible for you, ok? Listen, this new guy is a top priority. I got word from the big fellas directly that this needs to be done a.s.a.p. Whatever it is that this guy knows, it's important. Now we are joined by the hip on this, so I can't have you dragging me down and falling behind, or it's my ass, ok?

FRANK

Will you keep it down? I don't need Rory...

(RORY enters, having heard the voices.)

RORY

Oh, hey Uncle Ben. I was wondering who Dad was talking to.

BEN

(Now completely changing his attitude.)

Hey champ! Yeah, just needed to talk to your old man about some of the figures at the warehouse. I didn't wake you up, did I?

RORY

Nah, not really.

FRANK

Son, go on back to bed. I shouldn't be much longer with Ben.

RORY

Um... ok. Well, it was good seeing you, Ben.

BEN

You too my man! Now get some beauty rest, huh? Can't be killing the ladies when you're not rested!

(RORY laughs and heads upstairs. As soon as RORY leaves, the mask has dropped from BEN'S face.)

What is with you and that bastard? I swear, you become a completely different person when he is around.

FRANK

That "bastard" is my son, and I don't feel comfortable with him being around people like you.

BEN

Ah, I think you mean people like us. Don't try and act all high and mighty with me, we are brothers in blood. Really, you got nobody to blame but yourself. You know that men in our position shouldn't enter into relationships, but you did anyways. Now look at what it's gotten you. He is just a liability!

FRANK

Don't you dare say that. He is my flesh and blood, and he is all I have left.

BEN

I just don't get it. Doesn't having him around just bring up all the shit you had to go through with your wife?

FRANK

Of course it does. But what was I gonna do? She wasn't gonna take him, cuz she was afraid he was gonna be like me. And I've watched him grow up, acting more and more like me. My wife would take one look and just say, "I told ya so!" But he won't be like me. He's smarter than me, and I'm tough enough to push him away from my kind of life. That's why I've gone to the bar less, and haven't replied to your texts. I'm trying to keep him straight.

BEN

Fine. I don't care, as long as he stays in the dark, and you do your job. Now tell me, what all did you do to the new guy?

FRANK

(Now uncomfortable.)

Well... I did mostly a lot of psychological stuff with him today. Figured I'd go easy on him, since it's his first day, ya know?

BEN

Psychological stuff? So what, you told the guy he was ugly? See, this is what I'm talking about! You are losing your edge! That psychological shit is for amateurs. The Frank Sotto I used to work with was an artist! The body was his canvas, and his brush was his scalpel!

FRANK

Hey, relax alright? I roughed him up a little too.

BEN

Yeah? Like what?

FRANK

I stabbed right into his left knee. I left the knife in there too.

BEN

Haha, see? Now that's the Frank I know!

FRANK

Yeah, sure, here I am. Now are we done? I've had a long day, and I don't need Rory coming down here again.

BEN

Fine, I'll leave your lovely little nest. I need to get ready for tomorrow, anyways. I've got a couple of ideas for the new guy...

FRANK

I don't want to hear them.

BEN

Alright, alright, I'm gone!

(BEN leaves, and FRANK locks the door behind him. We see FRANK think deeply, then he calls up the stairs to RORY.)

FRANK

Rory? Can you come down here for a second?

(FRANK nervously moves the chairs so he can talk to his son face to face, and RORY comes down the stairs.)

RORY

Dad, what is it? You were complaining that I wasn't in bed, and now you won't let me sleep!

FRANK

I know, and I'm sorry, but I just wanted to talk to you a minute. Listen, I've been thinking lately, and I've realized that we have never really talked about your mother.

RORY

What's to talk about? She left us.

FRANK

Yeah, but you need to know why. Now, I can't give you all the details, but I just want to tell you, you had nothing to do with it. She left because she couldn't stand being with me anymore.

RORY

Why? You... you didn't cheat on her, did you?

FRANK

No, nothing like that. No, it was my work. She didn't agree with how I put food on the table, and so she left.

RORY

Do you expect me to believe that? Why would she leave you for that? What's so bad about working in a warehouse?

FRANK

There's more to it than that.

RORY

Dad, you're not... you're not doing anything illegal, are you?

FRANK

Son, it's complicated, and I'm not ready to talk about it just yet. But I wanted you to know that you are not the reason Mom left, kay? You need to understand that.

RORY

Ok I get it. But we will talk about this, right?

FRANK

Yeah, of course.

I-2-21

RORY

When? When will you tell me?

FRANK

... I'll tell you everything tomorrow night, ok? When you get back from baseball practice, I need to get everything straight before we have this talk. But I promise, we will talk. About everything.

(Lights fade out on the two men.)

The Life of a Dead Man

1-1-1

(KEVIN HOLLINGSWORTH sits on a simple medical bed inside a concrete jail cell. His older brother ROY enters the room in handcuffs, is uncuffed by a guard, and he sits next to Kevin.)

KEVIN

Hey, bro.

ROY

What's happenin'.

(They hug briefly. The guard steps closer as a precaution. Roy sits next to Kevin.)

KEVIN

Bro, You know the situation?

ROY

Ay, I know-

KEVIN

Cancer. Damn cancer.

ROY

Hey, man. You fightin' as hard as you can, I respect and I appreciate that. I'm proud of you for that, bro. Isn't it just our luck? My fault for gettin' you into this mess.

KEVIN

No Roy, no. You don't understand.

ROY

I understand plenty. Me and you been together since you was born. I knew right from wrong, an' I taught you wrong. First I get the charge of murder, then you. You was just following your brother's footsteps.

KEVIN

God good, Roy. He forgive. I ain't in no pain.

ROY

Good, man, good. Since you was born... you and me both know, that we been lived the life of a dead man.

KEVIN

Yep.

ROY

Ain't no question about that.

KEVIN

At all...

ROY

When we hit them streets, we knew we was dead.

KEVIN

We were murderers.

ROY

C'mon man... We thought we wasn't gonna die? We thought we was hard. We ain't had no other charges except murder charges.

KEVIN

That's right.

ROY

We done killed people unnecessarily. That's the only thing your brother taught you. How to be a damn criminal. Now you're dyin in prison by a disease, not by another man like we deserve, but by God, an act of God.

KEVIN

Say, bro.

ROY

Now you gonna teach me how to be a human being, somethin' we should have been taught a long time ago.

(Grabs head and begins to sob.)

ROY

I can still hear her scream.

(A woman's scream is heard, and Roy grabs his head like he's being tortured.)

KEVIN

Roy you got to let go.

ROY

I can't Kevin! They in my dreams! I feel that gunshot like it was me who was murdered!

KEVIN

Roy, the family say they forgive you, you got to accept that.

(Roy shakes his head.)

KEVIN

In court remember?

(Roy wipes is face, overwhelmed.)

ROY

Yeah I 'member. Wh- What if I don't deserve forgiveness?

KEVIN

Ev'body deserve forgiveness, Roy. That's why we have Jesus Christ.

ROY

Enough Kevin! I don't deserve it!

KEVIN

(Shocked.)

Oh I see...

(Kevin coughs very hard.)

ROY

What you see?

KEVIN

I see that you don't forgive yourself, Roy.

1-1-4

(Roy stands up and looks out the tiny barred window. He doesn't answer Kevin.)

KEVIN

I'm a tell you somethin', bro.

ROY

Wha?

(Roy turns around and sits again next to Kevin on the bed.)

KEVIN

And I know you can do it, it's gonna be hard to do. Changin'. But let God in. He good Roy, he is.

(Kevin puts his hand on Roy. Roy still sobs.)

KEVIN

But you got to. You might backslide sometimes. Just ask for forgiveness. I did. God forgive me. I jus know it. He gonna forgive ya man. You understand what I'm sayin?

(Roy looks up and nods.)

KEVIN

You ain't out there now, killin.

ROY

Yeah, cuz I got caught, and now this is my home. I deserve to be in here.

KEVIN

Yeah maybe you do belong in here for the deeds you done, but those things been done for awhile now. There's no changin' the past. You can only look at your life and move on.

ROY

Yeah, bro. I know.

KEVIN

Cuz you see, this life will come to an end, it's coming weather you ready for it or not. So don't you wanna spend that time doin something worth doin?

ROY

What's worth doin'? I'm in here.

KEVIN

Forgivin' yourself. Start there.

ROY

Yeah, bro.

KEVIN

Everyday I have criminals that come in my cell-

ROY

Guys like us? In here?

KEVIN

...and they done wrong, that's why they in here, but they here to help me Roy. They doin' they time by helping the dyin'... in peace.

ROY

You want me to watch people die, Kevin?

KEVIN

No. I want my bro to watch them live, help them live.

(ROY pauses and almost replies, but
doesn't.)

KEVIN

Redeem yourself, bro. It's still possible.

ROY

I will think 'bout it.

KEVIN

You will feel human again.

ROY

Yeah, bro.

KEVIN

Do it for me, if you don't do it fo' yourself.

(Roy stands up and sits back down.)

KEVIN

So fight the fight.

(Roy looks out the window.)

KEVIN

I wanna make sure ya understand... how important it is to change.

ROY

I want to change, but these demons got to go!

KEVIN

I know Roy, but right now I'm fightin' for your life. I don't care about my life anymore. It's comin to an end, and I am tryin' to give you the gift of humanity, somethin' I had to realize I don't have the luxury of producin'.

ROY

(Crying hard.)

I'm proud of you, bro. I'm always going to try to be a reflection of you now. You right. You understand?

KEVIN

Man, you welcome anytime to come in here and read with me. The Bible a good book. That is, if Warden will let you.

(Both laugh.)

ROY

Can we... can we pray now? Teach me to pray Kevin.

KEVIN

It ain't hard, just listen and close your eyes.

(Kevin extends his hands to Roy.
Roy grabs them hesitantly. The guard
comes closer to examine their prayer.
Both close their eyes.)

KEVIN

Oh, Heavenly Father, I thank you for this beautiful day. I thank you for allowin' me to
see my brother, Lord. God, go into his heart. Show him the right way, God. Amen.

ROY

Amen. I love ya brother.

(They hug.)

ROY

You gon' be here till Monday?

KEVIN

Who?

ROY

You!

KEVIN

You crazy?

(Both laugh. Roy looks at the guard.)

ROY

You see the way that fool looked at me?

(The guard laughs as well.)

ROY

(Laughing.)

I like your spirit now.

KEVIN

I'll be here. I gotta few more people I gotta touch.

(Lights dim.)

INDEX

Alshaddi, Abdullah	38
Baer, Haley	32, 34
Baldwin, Jakobb N.	25
Dunwiddie, Gwendolyn	12, 14
Ekochu, Emmanuel	50
Florack, Alli	22
Han, John J.	3, 4
Hendricks, Diana	6, 7, 8
High, Katrina	16, 17, 43, 56
Hopkins, Jessica	19, 20
Hughley, Shenita	30
Jones, Deborah	27
Knopps, Eliza	10, 11
Kopp, Patrick	36
Lorenz, Teresa M.	5
McKeehan, Amanda	21
Stephens, Janessa	23, 78
Stockam, Alden	65
Wheat, Bryan	54
Williams, Maxwell	35

AVILA
UNIVERSITY'S

LITERARY

MAGAZINE